

The old man comes to tell me he's finished. As he figures up my bill, wetting his pencil with his tongue, I admire my orderly flow, once so unruly and troublesome.

Don't turn your back on it, warns the old man, folding my check. It's a mean'un.

THE WAFFLE AND THE CANADIAN BACON

In the bathroom the Waffle combs its hair. The Canadian Bacon puts make-up on its gristle.

What's keeping those two, says the man.

Keep your pants on, says the woman, you don't want them before they're ready.

Maybe they need a little more heat, says the man. He turns up the thermostat until the house begins to sizzle.

The woman starts to sweat. You idiot, you've turned it up too high. The Waffle's hair will come uncurled, the Canadian Bacon's make-up will run.

What's going on out there? comes the shout from the bathroom.

A-hah! says the man.

Fool, you'll ruin it all, cries the woman.

But, ruined or not, I'll have it, cries the man.

The bathroom door is frantically unlocked. Behind a cloud of steam, here come the Waffle and Canadian Bacon running down the hall hand-in-hand.

Oh, now see what you've done, screams the woman as they fling themselves on the table.

Dig in, screams the man.

-- Joseph Nicholson

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